

A New song Call'd

THE HIREING DA

Ou buxom lads and lasses gay,
Oive eace a while to what I say,
I'll sing about the hiring day,

So listen with attention,
The lads and lasses blyth and free,
Have come to have a joby spree,
And with new masters they'll agree

This day at the hirings,

Men and maidens by the and gay,
For to obtain fresh place's,
They have come to the hiring

With merry gay and cheerful,

From many lar and distant part.
The farme s lads and their sweethearts,
Blave come to the hiring,
Milkmands and pretty ploughboy too.

Milkmads and pretty ploughboy too, Dress'd in their test both the and new, Bill, John, and Nelly. Poll, and Sue, Have come to the hiring,

There's seavant lads all'in a row Hhusemaids and dairymaids also. And carter lads cry gee wo,

Have come to the hiring,
There's to mers doughters fat and plump
With hoops and hustles on their rumps
And Jonny to prove himself a trumy

Will tear them at the hiring,

No doudt the farmers will complain,
And say they cannot sel their grain,

And say they can ot sel their grain,
To pul your wages down again,
They'll try at the hiring
But farmer lads of every age
Take mp advise when you engage,

Stick up like britons for your wage, This day at the airing, When Polly, is hired oh dear oh

Off to a daucing room soe'd go,
And on the light fantatic toe,
She'd dance at the hiring
Then with her over fine and gay,
O're fields and meadows they will st y
And with each other they will play,

Coing home from the hiring,

Now when the hiring is all done.

The plonghboys for to have some fun

Into the ale-house tery will run,
To treat the yretty lasses.

And when the orink gets in their head
They'll buy them note & ginger bread

And from dgrk corners keep away When you leave the hirings, For the farmers lads the rre so sly And if you do not mind your eye, heat year yeall hove a girl or boy, To bring to the hrings

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